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our business, we aim first at the

HIGHEST Quality

And second at the

We believe our in-We believe our inthese directions have reached a point that cannot be surpassed by our competitors.

If you have not seen our latest price list seid for it. We have an abundant supply of the best qualit of wheat and ORDERS promptly. Special attention given to

EXCHANGE

Every day in the

Respectfully,

MILLING COMPANY,

IRVINGTON, KY.

THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF T CLOSING OUT

As we are compelled to make room for r immense Fall Stock, we are making ices to dispose of our goods. They ust go and they will go at the follow-g quoted prices.

Clothing

for \$4.50.

Gray Suits sold for \$12.00 going for \$7.50.

All Yarn Fancy Stripe sold for \$15.00 going for \$8.48.

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\$1.25 for 48cts.

Derby style sold for \$1.25 for 73c. hip Hats large shape for 10c. sold for 20

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FOR

Dress Goods

See our Special

Dear Readers.—You can judge from hat you have read that it will be to interest to come and see us. If you ear, not use the goods at once, will pay you to lay them aside for a sur or so until you can press them into rvice. Don't fail to visit us.

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The I. W. Harper whiskey should be The I. W. Harper whiskey should be the L. W. Harber whiskey should be The I. W. Harper whiskey should be

F. M. POPHAM, CLOVERPORT, KY

Some Mother's Child.

BY LAURA K. GRAY. At home or away, in alley or street,

My heart echoes softly, "Tis som

Whose hearts have grown hardenes

whose spirits have grown cold, Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled, A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child!

No matter how far from the right she hath No matter what inroads dishonor hath

Though turnished and sullied, sha's some-

No matter how deep he is sunken in sin,

to matter how low in his standard of joy; Though guilty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.

That head bath been pillowed on tenderest T' at form hath been wept o'er, those lips

have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones meek and mild;

Then, for her sake deal gently with "Some

A SEA GHOST STORY.

OW A VESSEL WAS ABANDONED BY A FRIGHTENED CREW.

They Heard Strange Noises and at Last Made Their Escape, Only to Be l'icked Up Again-Spirit Rappings and What They Proved to Be.

[Copyright, 1862, by Charles B. Lowis.]

We had been in Cape Town four days completing our loading for Liverpool after having been up the African coast as far as Zanzibar and return when an Irishwoman came aboard and asked for a passage home. Our craft was the English bark Fanny Lee, carrying a crew of fourteen men, and though we might have tried to make a woman comfortable had we picked her off a wreck in midocean the barque carried no passengers and had no accommodations for them. The woman gave her name as Molly McDavis. She was a single woman, twenty-four years old, and had made the voyage to the Cape in an emigrant ship to join and marry a lover. Like many another female she was disappointed. Pat had skipped the country when she arrived. She had been at work for several months, but could not pay her way home. Indeed she did not propose to. She was what might be called "a strapping young woman," being as tall as any sailor abourd and weighing about 150 pounds. She offered to go as cook, but as there was no vacancy she asked to be taken as a common sailor

and allowed to work her passage home.
We felt a bit sorry fer Miss McDay but we couldn't take her in any position She was disappointed, but she had no tears . On the contrary, she went away very determined look on her face, and an Irishman among the crew offered to bet his sou'wester against a plug of tobacco that she'd see Liverpool as soon as

It was ten days from the time she came board before we left the Cape. I saw her aboard three or four times in the week, and once or twice she had other confabs with the captain. As we weighed anchor and stood out for our offing Molly Me-Davis was the last person in Cape Towa to be suspected of bringing ill luck to our old bark. We had fine weather and favorable winds, and were well up with Cape Frio when the men came to me in a body during the morning watch to make a complaint. They were headed by the car-penter himself, who declared that for the past two nights the watches below had been disturbed by a transfer or the carbeen disturbed by strange noises and could been disturbed by strange noises and could not sleep. The bark had the old fashloned fo'castle instead of the deck house, and the noises had seemed to come from behind the bulkhead dividing the fo'castle from the hold. While any sailing craft carrying a miscellaneous cargo is always full of strange, queer noises, caused by friction and straining, there is always at least one man in a crew ready to shake his head and make mystery over something easily ex-plained away. I listened to the complaint, romised to look into it, and then dropped the matter out of mind.

On the night of that day I came on watch at midnight. I found my men already on deck, and the second mate's watch, just relieved, hung about the scuttle instead of turning in. Demanding to know the reason of this singular action, I was told that the queer noises before referred to had been beard again and again, and the crew were as good as upset over them. Had the "old man" been on deck he would have seized a belaying pin and driven the watch below and cracked three or four heads. He had no patience with sailors' weaknesses. I was tempted to give them a bit of my mind, but all were so serious and earnest that it seemed only reasonable to investigate. I went into the fo'castle and spent fifteen minutes listening for sounds. The bark had all plain sail on her and was heeled to port, and for the first ten minutes I heard only the sounds of boxes and bales rub-bing together Then, of a sudden, I heard a voice singing: It was a faint, far away voice, and I had to listen closely, but it certainly was a human voice. It was im-possible to locate it. It seemed to come from above as much as in any other direc-tion, and I went on deck thinking some of

"it will be playing a joke.

"it will be anything but a joke for the man who's playing this if I can eatch him at it!" I said as I gained the deck and found both watches grouped around the

"Mr. Merwin, did you hear aught down below?" asked the carpenter, speaking for

singing up here."
"No, sir! I piedge you my word and that
of every man liere that not a man of us
uttered a Whisper. It was singing you

"Yes."
"And that's what the men complain of, sir-singing most of the time, but how and then romething like praying and calling

"Well, singing and praying won't hurt any of you, even if it's that. It's in the cargo, however. We've got three or four old pinnes absard going to England to be fixed up, and it's the boxes rubbing to gether which makes the singing sound. It's free music and you ought to be glad of it. Go below the watch and let's hear no more of this."

The man hunt back for a moment and

sleening quarters. I was honest in what I As soon as I remembered the pianos I was sure that the singing noise came from them. It no doubt looked rea the sailors, as nothing more was heard from them that night. I was off at 4 and on again at 8 next morning. The breeze had died out and we were on an even keel and not making over two miles an hour. It had come 9 o'clock. The captain was overhauling some papers in the cabin, the men were all at work or jobs and I was pacing the quarter and keeping an eye on a bit of sail just showing to windward of us when a shout of terror

rang through the ship.

A hand named Thomas Burns had beer into the forepeak after something wanted on deck, and it was he who called out as he tumbled up and seemed for a momen to contemplate going overboard. The yell brought the captain on deck, and then the story of the strange noise came out. He was furious. Burns decls. A that a human voice had called to him while he was be low, and the rest of the crew stood by him with regard to the singing and praying, but the "old man" was mad enough to kill some one. He drove them forward and then followed them up and cursed and be-rated them in Bristol fashion, and ended up by threatening to put any man in irons for the rest of the voyage who let it be known that he heard the singing again.

The captair of a ship knows very little of his mon, as he never comes in contact with them. As the days and nights passed and our captain heard nothing further from the men he began to loast of how he had dissolved the mystery and put Jack's superstitions to flight. The second mate and I knew altogether better, however. The queer noises still continued, and the men had become so rattled that the watch below smoked their pipes and kept very wide awake. The discipline of the ship was being upset by a mystery, and I am free to confess that it was a mystery which also bothered me. On two ether occasions I had entered the fo'castle and plainly heard the uncanny sounds, but was not able to locate them to my satisfaction. I was pretty sure, however, that they came from the forehold, and one afternoon a told the whole story to the captain and suggested that the forward hatch be removed and an investigation made. He flew mad at once, and began berating me for an old woman and a graveyard sailor, and then he went forward among the men and told them he'd run the bark ashore and be hanged to her before he'd pull off

hatch cover. He thought that settled it, but he was mistaken. It was the captain's watch-always held by the second mate—from midnight to 4 o'clock mext morning. It had become almost a dead calm when I left the deck. Every man of the second mate's watch was up before him, and I noticed that none of mine went below. What happened half an hour after I had turned in gave the captain the greatest surprise of his life. Mr. Groat, the second mate, was pacing the quarter when he was suddenly seized, gagged and bound, and a voice, which he recognized as the carpenter's, cautioned him to be quiet or he'd go overboard. All sailors are light sleepers, but officers especially so, and why it was that neither the captain nor I woke up during the events occurring on deck has always been

a matter of surprise. The men brought the bark to the wind, got tackles aloft and hove out the longboat, and we slept right along without hearing a sound. They filled two breakers of water, took with them, could lay hands on, and by ! o'clock they were away. The steward was the only one left behind with the officers. After the men left Mr. Groat made efforts to free himself, but without avail. He could not even roll along the deck, as he had been lashed to a ring bolt. At half past 3 o'clock the captain awoke and went on deck, and when the whole affair became plain to him he nearly fell down in a fit.

Our position was off St. Paul De Loando, fairly in the pathway of traffic, but yet we realized that we might knock about for a month without sighting a sail. Nothing could be seen of the longboat from aloft when daylight came, and the first thing we did was to reduce sail so that we might possibly manage the bark 'n case of eavy weather. The breeze freshened with the sun, and as it was fair for the coast. which was about 600 miles away, Mr. Grost and I supposed of course the captain would attempt to work her in. He had different ideas, however. He was very quiet and humble over the first shock. Then he let loose and did swearing enough to last ten shipmasters on ten long voyages. He declared he'd navigate the bark to Liverpool if it 'ook five years to make

We had just got her off on her course, and the old man himself was at the wheel and still swearing, when a strange figure emerged from the fo'castle and came aft as far as the mainmast. It was the figure of a woman, but her face was so white and pinched, her eyes so large and glassy, and she recled about in such a manner that I, who was nearest her, was ten seconds in making sure she was even a human being. The minute I caught sight of her parched lips I ran to the scuttle butt and got her a panakin of water. It was only a drop to er, and she had swallowed fully two quarts before I choked her off. Then I signaled the steward, who was now acting as cook and he brought her a big bunk of mea and a couple of biscuit. She ate like a wolf, and it was a good half hour before

she spoke a word. Then it was to say:
"Ah! me bye, but Molly McDavis begins
to feel like her old self once more!" It was the Irishwoman we had refused to take aboard at Cape Town, and after thirst and hunger had been satisfied she told us her story. The last time she came aboard the men were at supper and the cargo nearly stowed. She had her plans-all made, and she slipped down the after-hatch without being seen. She made her way over the cargo to the fo'castle bulk-head, and there took up quarters among the bales of dried cowskins we had stored there. She had brought with her four quarts of water and two loaves of bread, intending to let her presence be known be-fore she suffered from hunger and thirst. She was dreadful sick when we got to sea and her groans and prayers and laments were heard in the fo'castle. When she got were heard in the fo castle. When she got better she sang to keep herself company. She made the bread and water last her a week. Then she tried to attract attention by rapping on the buikhead, but the frightened sailors paid no attention. She had a pocketknife with her, and on the afternoon of the night they abandoned the ship she cut the bands of four bales of skips and moved them away and then at

ship she cut the bands of four bales of skins and moved them away, and then attacked the bulkhead. She was all night cutting through the stout planks, and when she appeared on deck she had been forty hours without food or water.

I expected the captain would give the stowaway woman a blessing. After she had finished her story he did start in to, but she could utter five words to his one and she soon tired him out. He sent her to the galley to act as cook, and I don't think he was as much put out as he pretended to be. Thus far, as you have seen, three very curious circumstances had occurred—the discovery of a spook in the fo'castle, the plight of the crew and the appearance of Miss McDavis. There was to be a fourth curious pirgumstance. On "Late to bed and early to rise will shorten the road to your home in the skies," But early to bed and a "Little Early Riser," the pill that makes life BABBAGE FOR SHIRTS

the second day of our shorthandedness we had half a gale and a tumbling sea all day and far into night. We were under very short sail, but the bark swarmed along at a good rate of speed. The captain meant to keep our course and speak the first sail we met and ask for two or three men and touch at Sierre Leone. At sun-rise of the third day I went aloft to sweep the ses, and the very first object to catch my eye was our longboat. She was to the eastward and windward of us and bearing down across our course. She wasn't over three miles away, and with my glass I could identify every man.

Upon reporting the boat to the captain he swore by the big born spoon that he'd not take a man aboard, but when the boat had come within hall he changed his mind, and her crew were seen tumbling over the rail and glad to get aboard. They had gone off intending to make the coast but had forgotten to take a compass and been salling almost at random. The "ghost" was there to welcome them on board, and when they got her story and realized how idiotic had been their action, no set of men were ever more disgusted with themselves or more anxious to atone for their doings. Molly McDavis was safely landed in Liverpool, and when we made up a purse for her that she might have time to turn around, I believe the captain put in as much as all the rest of us, though he waved her ashore and called after her that he'd have the law on her if she wasn't out of Liverpool inside of an hour.

NO SULKING IN NEW YORK.

David B. Hill Pledges the Vote of the

"I pledge the electoral vote of the state of New York to the nominee of the national Democratic convention," said David B. Hill in one of his many stirring speeches to the Democrats of other states. There will be no sulking over the result at Chicago among the men who stood by the senator from New York with such loyalty and determina-

A two-thirds vote of the national Democratic convention is obligatory and will be ratified at the ballot box by loyal Democrats everywhere, and especially in the state of New York. If our candidate had been nominated by that convention we should have expected the defeated friends of other candidates to give him their support, and now that we are defeated we are bound in honor to do the same. The Democrats of New York will do their full measure of duty.

Believing as we do that the result o the presidential election will depend upon the vote of this state, we are the more urgently bound to see that no effort is spared to win the thirty-six electoral votes of New York for the nominees of the Chicago convention, -Albany Times-Union.

Mr. Murphy made a square, stand up fight for Senator Hill, but he bows cheerfully to the sentiment which overrides that candidate along with all other favorite sons. He is as strong and single hearted in his devotion to Cleveland's election today as he was to Hill's nomination last week. Already word has been given by Chairman Murphy to his trusty friends and followers that in the election of Cleveland Troy and Rensselaer county must do their full duty. He is coming home to take off his coat and work for Grover Cleve-

land.-Troy Press. Mr. Hill and his friends will submit to the decision of the convention with good grace, as in duty bound, and it will not be their fault if Grover Cleve land does not receive the thirty-six electoral votes of New York by a large majority.-Rochester Union and Adver-

A STANDING MENACE

A Force Bill Larks Behind the Repub-Hean Candidate.

There is one question depending or the election of the next president which. in its momentons importance and vital imperativeness, must seem to every philosophic observer to exceed every other political question that the people are now called upon to determine. All differences of opinion respecting administrative reform, or silver coinage, or free trade or protection, or the personal qualities or antecedents of candidates in short, the whole ordinary array of electoral controversies, are, in comparison, of inferior, indeed of almost trivial.

We mean the question whether those southern states which have inherited a negro population surpassing the number of their white citizens shall, by federal law and federal military force. be subjected to the political dominations of the negroes, to negro legislatures. negro governors and negro judges in their courts, or whether they shall continue to be governed by white men as

Now it makes no difference who may be the president whom the Republican party elects. That party is by its nature and traditions under the necessity of enacting and executing an election law whose purpose and effect will be to put the negroes in control of several of the southern states. There will be some unwillingness on the part of a patriotic minority among the Republicans who will revolt at the consequences of such a measure, but their opposition cannot avail. The necessity of the situation will suppress all such resistance. A force bill is the first, and the inevitable result of a sweeping Republican victory in November.

On the owner hand, and by the nature and necessity of the ideas involved, the success of the Democracy is death to the force bill project. Killed in this election, it can never be revived.

In this view of the contest, what con scientious Democrat can hesitate about his duty? Better vote for the liberty and the white government of the southern states rather than consent to the election of respectable Benjamin Harrison with a force bill in his pocket .-New York Sun.

longer and better and wiser.-Sold by Short & Haynes, Cloverport, and Beard & Beeler, Hardinsburg.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

BROTHER GARDNER TALKS ABOUT THE WATERMELON

He Dissects Sawed Off Johnson's Argu-

[Copyright, 1803, by Charles B. Lewis.] 'Am Sawed Off Johnson in dis hall to aight?" inquired Brother Gardner as the further business on his desk.

igh, with great breadth of beam, was on the back row of benches and had just got ready for his second nap. He waited long enough to tighten each suspender by two inches and then scuffed up the niste to the resident's desk.

ner as he looked down upon him, "I war in de grocery de odder night when yo' cum in day an got up a discushun wid a white was in the shalder of a box o' cod fish an to' didn't see me, but I heard all yo' said. Yo'r argyment was on de subjick

Yes, suh. "Yo' argyfied dat de Lawd made de vaternellyon, an darfore anybody could

Yes, sah, dat's my opinyon.' "An yo'r opinyon hain't worf shucks, Brudder Johnson! De Lawd dun made apples an taters an oranges an sich, but whar do yo' git yo'r eight to take 'em? De Lawi dun made de airth, but kin yo'



"I-I didn't think of dat, sah." stam-

huckle headed white men I knows of. Eberythin dey knows is put into one argyment. Yo' stood right updar by de cheese-box an wave I ye'r arms around an yelled at de top of yo'r voice, an yo' made dat white man believe yo' had de Bible, de law, liberty an right on yo'r side."

millyon didn't git yere until a long time arter man. Jest how he made it I dunno. but his mouf was waterin fur watermillyon an he had to hev it. Dar may hev bin a time when millyons growed wild, an red core in a thin rind. It must hev bin nice to fib in dose days. If dat was sich a time it soon passed away an time it soon passed away, an a man who wanted millyons had to prepare de ground an plant de scols. Dat made property of de fruit. Do yo' foller me, Brudder

"I does, sah." "Dat disposes of yo'r bull argyment. anodder man's truck patch an take away a watermillyon: If yo' had climbed up on oke yo'r leg, an yo' had bin lyin in bed bout six weeks wid a fever, an it jest seemed to yo' dat nuffin on airth would taste so good as a big hunk of watermillyou, den yo' would purceed as follers: Yo' would consult the almanax in regard to patch an pint out to the ole woman all de holes in de fences. Yo' would caushn her dat all de biggest, ripest an juciest millyons allus lie no'th an south. Yo' would instruct her dat a ripe millyon allus gives out a peecoliar sound when yo' tunk on it.

Do yo' foller me, Brudder Johnson?"
"I does, sah." She takes de butcherknife an cuts

argyment? Werry plainly, sah." "Den yo' kin sot down. What I hev aid to yo' I hey said to all others as well. hev no doubt dat dis am gwine to be de biggest watermillyon season for twenty y'ars, an dat ebery millyon am gwine ter be unusually large and juicy, but we must not deceive ourselves by false argyments an wicked theories, eben if we doan git a bite. We will now bust de meetin up an

Except to His Wife.

He was one of the "cleverest" men in all that section of the country, all agreed on He was a "good fellow" and a good friend. Many a time had he gone out of

his way to do a good turn for some one in distress, and he had been late to dinner, or

he had not come home to dinner at all.

"Poor Jim!" be would say when he did arrive. "He is in a bad way, and I can re member when he was a bright young fel low. I had to straighten him up a little when I met him, and it took some time." He was a "clever fellow" in all that the term implies. He never failed to respond to the pies of a friend or a former friend, if he were in a position to do so.

"I am sorry," he would say to his wife.
"I intended to bring you the money you asked for tonight, but I couldn't let Tom sleep on the street. I'm afraid he has lost his grip, but I'd be a mighty small man if I didn't see him safely put away in a hotel with money enough to get his overcoat out of pawn. He ought to brace up though." He was a "great hearted" man when it came to any way of assisting men he had known who were in hard luck through their own or any one else's fault. He was

A "clever" man to every one except the one he should have been the "cleverest" to. Detroit Free Press.

ment That the Lord Made Them, and Therefore That Any One Can Help Him-

cretary announced that there was no Sawed Off, who is a man only five feet

"Brudder Johnson," sald Brother Gard-



Reckon not! Yo' is jest like some

"Ize werry sorry, sah." "I 'spect yo' am, but I want to say a few vords to yo' jest de same. De water-

Under only one sarcumstance has a pusson de slightest legal or moral right to visit yo'r cabin roof to stop a leak an slid off an de moon. Yo' would sorter inquar around to diskiver if de man had a dawg. Yo' would draw a sort o' war map of dat

"De ole woman has got de millyon. She crawls back frew de fence. She reaches it squar in two, an at de fust bite of yo'r half yo' begin to feel better. By de time yo' have devoured it all de fever is all gone an yo' git up an walk around. Am dat all? No, sah! Arter a few y'ars, when yo' hev got somthin ahead, yo' want to meet de white man who owned dat millyon an offer to pay fur it. If he doan' take it yo' am so much ahead. If he does, den yo'd better send de ole woman arter another to make even. Dat's all, Brudder Johnson, Does yo' see whar' yo' was lame in yo'r

a generous man when it came to subscribing "a little something" for anything that would tend to give pleasure to another.

"I had intended to get something for the house today," he would say, "but Brinks leaves for the south tomorrow and of course I chipped in for a little present to him."

THE SCARLET LETTER s written the hands of a Master Author.

Charles F. Johnson, whom the Democrate of Maine have nominated for governor, is another of the young men who have become prominent in politics. He is

but thirty-three years of age. He is a lawyer and an ex-school teacher. He gradnated from Bowdoin college at twenty, and after teaching school and studying law for several years, A Waterville,

where he still

lives. His most important offices have been those of city clerk and city solicitor of Waterville. Mr. Johnson is a fine campaigner and the Democrats expect that he will make great inroads upon the large Republican majority in the approaching election. An Expensive Combination.

I hereby submit the following as an appropriate way for the Republicans to put the names of their presidential nominces upon their banners:

HARRISON & RAT.

With a candidate who is in himself a

fortress of strength, and a popular cause

upon which it can appeal to a country



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Stoves,

new building and have the completest

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CLOVERPORT, KY.